(No. XX.)

# THE PASTIME.

SCHENECTADY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1807.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

The following is rendered from the French of the fascinating Florian. Integrity of version has been the translator's object; to this end, the graces of style have been disregarded. The volutions of Hero's mind, now elevated by expectation, and now depressed by disappointment, doubt and despair, scarcely knowing what it feels, and yet feeling every thing, are pourtrayed in the original with wonderful felicity.

It is scarcely necessary to explain, that Hero was a beautiful priestess of Venus, greatly enamoured of Leander, a youth of Abydos. The lovers were so faithful to each other, that Leander escaped by night from the vigilance of his family, and swam across the Hellespont, whilst Hero, in Sestos, directed his course by holding a burning torch on the top of a high tower. After many interviews of mutual affection and tenderness, Leander was drowned on a tempestuous night as he attempted his usual course, and Hero, in despair, threw herself from her tower, and perished in the sea. The story is told by Ovid, and Virgil refers to it in the third Georgick, "*Quid Juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem durus Amor?*"

## HERO AND LEANDER.

### A LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

*The stage represents the Hellespont and the shore of Sestos. An isolated tower, with a lighted lantern on its top, is seen at the right. The waves wash the foot of the tower. Time—Night—the Moon at its full. Most profound silence reigns upon the waves and shore. Hero enters from the tower.*

HERO.

Night has at last spread her shades over all nature. This, my Leander, is the hour, when impelled by love, you boldly throw yourself into the waves; and with no other guide than this lantern, which I have just lighted, your robust arms cleave the billows, and bring you into those of your beloved. *(She regards the sky and the sea, and remains for a moment rapt in thought.)* This profound calm—with what sweet enthusiasm do I consider it! How peaceful is the sea—How pure the air! even Zephyr dares not agitate it: All is silent; all is tranquil! O my friend! you ought only to listen to the Halcyon's* plaintive voice and the murmur of the waves yielding to your efforts—the generous moon lends you all her light—the billows in reflecting her, seem to wish to add to it. Ah! all nature should

* A bird called by the vulgar name of Kingfisher.

interest itself for the lover who exposes his life to behold his mistress! *(She walks with an agita ed air.)* I know not what secret terror, spite of myself, chills my soul! Dear Leander! come not to day—never come, if you risk the loss of your life. How fatal is this sea! Helle—the unfortunate Helle, found death in its waves—the golden ram could scarcely save her brother. You have nothing—but my prayers and your own courage. —If it should happen—But no, Love—Sure all the gods should watch over Love! *(She addresses herself to the moon.)* Beautiful Phœbe—do not quit the skies—illume the dangerous path Leander has to pass—shew him every rock—make him always see the shore—suffer not a cloud to hide you one moment from his sight. Remember all the pains which love c. used you, and save a lover who is faithful and tender as your own Endymion! *(She listens with atten ion exclaiming, after a long pause)* I thought I heard him—it was but a fancied sound that caused my heart to palpitate. O my friend! redouble your effo ts—may the fire which consumes you, render you insensible to the coldness of the waves. Hasten to leave this perfidious element—come to revive your trembling spouse—come to p ess her in your arms —I think I see you—yes, I see you—swiftly you cleave the waves —you leave far behind you a long boiling furrow—your eyes steadily fixed on this lantern—you gain strength as you approach it. The stars, the planets, the ordinary guides of the mariner, do not glitter for you—this flambeau is your star—you view nothing else in the sky—upon earth you know nothing but me—and to you the universe is diminished to the tower which I inhabit! *(With inquietude.)* But love misleads my senses. Leander does not arrive—I perceive nothing upon the waves. Perhaps it is not so late as I imagine. I must have deceived myself —I thought that lighting the flambeau sooner would hasten his arrival. *(She returns towards the sea, looks and listens attentively.)* Yet, sure, he never tarried so long—I have already c lculated an hundred times the moment of his departure, and the length of the way. He should be here—were the sea agitated, I could believe that fear detained him. Perhaps he has not yet set out—perhaps new loves--- Ah! Leander, pardon me! I dared to doubt your heart. Let but the least breath trouble the waves, and I will accuse Neptune only. *(With anger.)* WHY MUST WE, WHO HAVE BUT ONE SOUL, HAVE TWO COUNTRIES? WHAT DOES IT IMPORT TO US, TO BE SO NEAR EACH OTHER, IF WE ARE ALWAYS SEPARATED? Yes—I had rather the whole universe should divide us. *(The horizon begins to be covered with clouds, and the moon is obscured.)* But the sky becomes dark, the moon seems to wish to hide her trembling light. My heart sinks—and if the tempest. Depart dreadful ideas—I deceive myself! Terror has caused me to view clouds which do

not exist: How often have I felt, that parted from my love, the sky was never beautiful! *(The tempest commences, and continues to augment.)* What do I hear! No, *it is not an illusion;* a hollow sound proceeds from the abyss; it advances with the darkness—it becomes dreadful—the sea is agitated—the winds begin to roar—they break loose upon the already foaming billows. *(In an accent of grief and terror.)* All powerful gods! my strength abandons me—each flash—each peal of thunder carries death into my heart.—Unhappy!---he will be lost---he will be lost. *(She falls senseless upon a rock, then rises with impetuosity)* Dear Leander, return—there is still time—return to your own shore—think only of your life. I will fly to you—love will give me strength—I am sure of success when you are the object of my exertion—I may not be able to return—but I shall have seen you—I shall have saved you—I shall die satisfied. *(The tempest is at its greatest height.)* O ye gods! what dreadful clamour! what a tempest! The waves in fury throw themselves against the lightning—the thunder precipitates itself upon the billows—the waves and the air are but a chaos illumined with flashes of fire—The elements are confounded, and my love, perhaps, combats alone against all nature! *(She falls on her knees, and cries with transport)*.....O Neptune! O Boreas!---be appeased, spare him! he never offended you---a day never passed that he did not address to you his vows. You are acquainted with love---remember Phillyre---remember Orythie! Take pity on the miseries yourselves have suffered---what would you have? What can I do? I have no victim---but if blood is necessary to appease you---speak one word---only one word---and this poinard shall pierce my heart. Speak---Leander is in danger---perhaps Leander sinks---in pity---quickly speak. *(The tempest is appeased.)* They have heard me—the winds are appeased—the sea is calm—the swollen waves grow tranquil—the sky becomes serene—and I hear only the murmur of the billows which still sigh from the fury of the North winds. *(With the tenderest emotion.)* Ah! Leander—my dear Leander—have you survived the tempest! The gods have protected you—they have calmed the sea, in token of their favor. Leander you will come! I shall see you. Oh! how I shall press you to my bosom! These perils past, how much sweeter will be our reunion! *(With inquietude and grief.)* But the obscurity is dissipated—the east already glows with a roseate tint—the beloved of Cephalus chases before her the darkness, and Leander does not arrive. The waves are calmed, but my heart is still inquiet! *(The dawn of day is perceived.)* Brilliant Aurora! deign to pardon me, if I have ever failed of addressing to you my vows! Leander always quitted me when you appeared—Could I then desire to behold you? Become to day my benefactress—shew me my

love—and may this day, which you precede, be dear to me, as it will be to all nature! *(She goes upon a rock to look out.)* Yes, I see him—it is he. Immortal gods, what do I not owe you! Ah! I feel that with all my sorrows I have not paid enough for this sweet moment! *(Leander is seen at a distance, struggling to sustain himself upon the waves.)* But what do I see!—he falls back—he approaches—he seems to struggle against the billows.—My blood freezes—I distinguish him—his strength is exhausted—his weary arms can no longer support him. Leander! Leander! hear my voice—may it prolong your strength—one effort more, and you will be in the arms of your spouse. Leander, you do not hear me—you can no longer resist. Leander—yet one more effort! He extends his hands to me—he seems to implore my assistance. Yes, I will throw myself towards you—yes—I will die or save you! *(Leander sinks in the waves.)* Ye gods! he has disappeared—my eyes seek him in vain. Leander—my dear Leander. He is no more—he is no more—the waves have swallowed him! *(She remains a long time immoveable, then speaks slowly.)* I shall see him no more—I shall never see him more. Never, no, never! he died for me. It is I—It is I that murdered him! *(After a long pause, with fury and despair.)* Barbarous gods! who sport with my griefs—who seemed to listen to my prayers only to render more piercing the shaft with which you tear me. Gods of blood! Gods of misfortune! May the destinies more powerful than you, return you all the evils that I suffer! May your immortality serve only to prolong them! And thou, frightful sea—perfidious sea—thou hast never produced aught but evil—never respected aught but guilt. The ferocious warrior, the covetous merchant, are in safety upon thy waves—Thou hast caused the faithful lover to perish, whose sole request was to be brought to me! who each day invoked and called thee his benefactress! Go; may thy fury turn against thyself—may the universe be dissolved and fall into thy bosom! May the earth load thy bed, and chaos displace and destroy thee! *(She returns upon the rock.)* I shall never see him! I shall never see him more! Leander—my dear Leander! And did you think that I could survive you? Did you think I could ever again behold this hateful sea! No—I will seek you—even in its abyss I will go to meet you, I, who could love, can die—and death is sweet, since it reunites me to Leander! *(She throws herself into the sea.)*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### Mr. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(Continued.)

ON returning home one Sunday evening from the country, where he, with his brother George, had been ranging the whole

day, they accidentally entered a dissenting chapel, in the Old Jewry, where a minister, named Fawcet,* was lecturing. The eloquence and animation of this gentleman filled Robert, who had never witnessed the like before, with astonishment and delight. The house was amazingly crowded with the most genteel people; and, though they were forced to stand still in the aisle and were much pressed, yet so interested was Robert in the lecturer, that every future Sunday he was punctual in his attendance on him, and derived much advantage from his eloquence.

Sometimes the two brothers attended a debating society, then held at Coachmaker's hall, but which, with several others, have for some time past been prohibited by government; and now and then they spent an evening at Covent-Garden Theatre. These were all the opportunities that Robert, at that time had, of improving himself from public speakers. His reading at this period was confined to the History of England, the British Traveller, and a Geographical Dictionary. These were taken in weekly, at sixpence a number, and the hours devoted by other boys to play, were spent in reading these works, which our Poet considered as a task of necessity rather than of amusement; but, shortly, another literary production came into his hands, namely, the London Magazine, in which work at least two sheets are set apart for a review. This review instantly attracted the mind of Robert; he read it with the most eager and sanguine curiosity, and was most anxious to learn what was passing in the literary world, and what were the merits of the respective publications. Next to the Reviews, poet's corner engaged his attention, and, like the native songsters of the grove, he no sooner heard the notes of others, than, emulous to join the harmonic choir, he began, with conscious sweetness, to warble forth his own. Among others, he composed the following song, which, to the surprize of his brother, he one day repeated to him.

### THE MILK-MAID.

ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

Hail May! lovely May! how replenish'd my pails,
The young dawn overspreads the east streak'd with gold!
My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,
And COLIN's voice rings through the woods from the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,
Whose blue, misty summits first glow with the sun,
See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends
To join the glad sports—Hark! the tumult's begun.

Be cloudless, ye skies!—Be my COLIN but there,
Not dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale,
Nor morning's first blush can more lovely appear
Than his looks, since my wishes I could not conceal.

* An author of an admired poem.

Original Poetry.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts to move,
We'll count joys to come, and exchange vows of truth,
And, haply, when age cools the transports of love,
Decry, like good folks, the vain pleasures of Youth.

His brother George, however strongly he might himself feel the merit of this little pastoral, was desirous of obtaining a more impartial testimony than that of his own judgment. He, therefore, advised Robert to send this juvenile effort to the editor of the newspaper which they read, who, to the credit of his poetical taste, gave it an insertion. Several others, which are now lost and forgotten, were also sent and printed. Thus, in reading and composing, did he employ his hours of interval, and soon obtained such a share of knowledge, that, as his brother ingenuously confesses, he, with his fellow workmen in the garret, began to derive instruction from him, though not more than sixteen years old.

[To be continued.]

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

### SONNET TO PATIENCE.

Hail sacred Patience, boon of Heaven,
To sad and sorrowing Virtue giv'n
To sooth her griefs to rest.
No more she felt the wound of woe
Her streaming tears forgot to flow,
And Hope illum'd her breast.

Tho' doom'd thro' life's rough paths to tread,
By adverse Fortune barb'rous led,
Far as from pole to pole—
Tho' still to woe and care awake,
Yet sharp-tooth'd want could never shake
Thy calm unalter'd soul.

Tho' ev'ry grief has been thy own,
Yet thou blest maid wast never known,
To murmur or complain.
A roseate smile adorns thy lip,
(Tho' thou of mis'ry's cup doth sip,)
Amid th' extremes of pain.

O meek eye'd saint of race divine,
While now I bend before thy shrine,
Thy lenient aid impart,
Bind up the wounds by sorrow made,
O lend a suppliant wretch thy aid,
To heal a bleeding heart!

## Original Poetry.

### For the Pastime.

Mr. Editor,

The following is a reflection upon the miseries of those whose unoccupied hearts and minds, leave them almost destitute of that hope, which the piece invokes. It was written on a mild summer's evening; and is submitted to your discretion whether to publish it or not, as your judgment may dictate.

JULIA.

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SOFT, o'er the distant wave, the moon beams play
The woods deep shade contrasts with paler green;
So let fair hope illume life's dreary way
And gild the dark'ning view with ray serene!

Behold the splenetic, with drooping soul,
Finds in his daily round, a world of care—
Now, courts the end of ills, beyond controul,
And wanting effort sinks into despair!

Ah! pity such! compassion well thy claim:
Far less deplore, the child of real grief—
These fancied woes, which scarcely own a name,
Obscure the reason and refuse relief.

But may some light more powerful yet appear
The gloomy void to pierce, their hopes revive;
May the great source of day their bosoms cheer,
Restore the vital heat, and bid them live.

And yet for thee, true sufferer, may hope,
Again diffuse a ray, as Cynthia's bright—
Forbid of grief's dark shades, the boundless scope,
And gild thy clouded day, as *she* her night.

JULIA.

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There is something singularly touching in the simplicity and wildness of the following verses. Who can read them without emotion?

"He was delighted with the work of his own hands; he saw it beautiful, "he made it good, and took it to himself."

I HAD a daughter, sweetly fair,
With mild blue eye, and auburn hair,
A dimple too in either cheek,
And cherry lips;—she just could speak.

Oft in her eyes, I us'd to gaze,
Delighted with her infant ways,
And play'd and look'd and play'd again;
So watchful ever to give pain,

That she was pleas'd, and seldom cry'd
Except when something was deny'd
Which sterner duty ordered so,—
And this forsooth would cause her woe;

But then it went so soon away
That we did little else but play.

Original Poetry.

She just could run, I think I see,
Her infant form approaching me;
A bunch of flowers in either hand
Like little Sylph from fairy land.
She rooted was within my heart
So that I tho't, I could not part,
From the sweet babe, I lov'd her so;
*But still I knew that she* MUST *go!*
My lov'd Eliza, now *is* gone!
But why should I her loss bemoan?
Thro' glass of faith, I plainly see,
That she is happier far than me,
Her golden harp she tunes so sweet,
While sitting at her Saviour's feet,
That I should like to go and hear,
I sometimes think, and shed a tear
(No tear of sorrow but of joy,)
The hymns which now my child employ.
Far from the wars, which roar so near,
She's landed safe, and free from fear:—
She's met a lovely sister there,
Who like herself, was good as fair.
Angels do sit and listen, round,
(I make no doubt,) on heavn'ly ground,
And every voice, in chorus raise,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise.

"It was a beautiful flower; it was committed to my care, and I watch'd over it with the tenderest affection, but I lov'd it perhaps too well, and it was taken from me in mercy!"

For the Pastime.

## A RIDDLE.

I LIV'D in a beauteous green array'd,
With care was nurs'd, with pride display'd
Till having run the race of life,
I died a mother—not a wife.
But yet I knew, nor sin nor shame,
No prude could e'er my conduct blame.
I died; yet in some sense I live,
And to the needy succour give,
I clothe the naked every day,
I help t' adorn the fair and gay,
I waft abroad the lover's sighs,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eyes.
I move the horrid springs of war,
I aid in crimes your souls abhor,
And courtier like, with perfect ease,
Am *black* or *white*, just as you please.

A SOLUTION is desired.

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